THE FRONT PAGE

By Rudy Max

NOW THAT'S DETENTE

While drawing up a money order for a **Russian diplomat,** a cashier at the 15th and O Street branch of Riggs National Bank did a doubletake on his customer's necktie. In small white letters on a green background was the patriotic fiscal slogan: Whip Inflation Now.

POLITICAL HEAVIES

Sen. James Abourezk, Rep. "Tip" O'Neill and **Liz Carpenter** all have one thing in common: they're fat. But not as fat as they were two months ago, before they joined the **Fat Club,** a group of mainly Democratic political types with pounds to spare.

Frustrated at his inability to lose weight, political consultant **Matt Reese** formed a group with twenty overweight friends who shared a similar expense account lunch existence. Pollster **Richard Scammon,** McGovern aide **Alan Baron** and former Newsweek reporter **Richard Stout** also joined what a Reese tee-shirt proclaims is the "Committee on Corpulent Responsibility."

Behavior modification tricks the Fat Club uses: at one group dinner, forks were set down after every three bites when George Washington University nutritionist **Agnes Gordon Fry** rang a bell; Reese (whose weight has fluctuated between 232 and 420 pounds) totes a diet soft drink to cocktail parties as he approaches the 300-pound mark; one woman wears a surgical mask while cooking so she doesn't eat the food before it reaches the table. And Abourezk held a South Dakota press conference to announce his diet to his constituents.

THE PLOT TO KILL CASTRO

Mafia boss **Sam Giancana,** who was murdered in his Chicago home last June following reports of his involvement in a CIA plot to assassinate Fidel Castro, never thought the plan to poison the Cuban dic-

By United Press International

ASSASSINATION

In Miami, Sam Giancana & the boys discussed murder

FRUSTR

Even an angel couldn't g complete a plumbing

tator would work.

Giancana, according to a party to the plot, took one look at the courier who was supposed to slip poison to Castro's personal chef and said, "I wouldn't trust him."

The first step of the affair, which was not to come to light for at least ten years, took place in the plush Fontainebleu Hotel in Miami Beach in March of 1961. Among those present were Sam Giancana, another reputed Mafia figure, **Johnny Roselli,** and former FBI agent, CIA contact and Howard Hughes protege, **Robert Maheu.**

While Maheu, Roselli and Giancana waited for the courier to arrive in Miami Beach, they passed an evening dining with, among others, **Frank Sinatra,** and spent some of their days discussing the feasibility of the plan to kill Castro, who had taken control of Cuba only four months earlier. The courier was supposed to be a cousin of Castro's chef and the poison was supposedly slow-acting and untraceable in an autopsy.

Giancana, however, could not believe Castro would be so naive as to eat untested food. And he doubted the courier and the chef really intended to kill Castro.

The night following Floyd Patterson's knock-out of Ingemar Johansson in a Miami Beach ring, the Maheu group relaxed in the Boom-Boom Room of the Fontainebleu until they noticed two men surreptitiously photographing them from several tables away. Giancana, Roselli and Maheu agreed it was a good time to depart.

"As we left the lounge," recalls a friend who was with the trio, "we saw this guy — small, Cuban with reddish hair. He was as conspicuous as a blueberry in a bowl of milk. He just didn't belong in that hotel. We said, 'Clear out, let Johnny meet him.' Sam looked at the guy and said, 'My God, I wouldn't trust him.' Then the pass was made."

Several days later, according to the source, the men heard that Castro had taken ill. Now, 14 years later, he assumes Castro was just having some fun by raising the CIA's hopes that their plan had succeeded. But "Momo" Giancana, ever a realist about mortal matters, never thought much of the mayhem plot hatched by the dreamers in Langley. And ironically, Castro is still eating well in Cuba; Giancana died of five gunshot wounds to the head June 19 as he prepared a midnight snack of sausages.

IF YOU CAN'T SAY ANYTHING NICE, DON'T SAY ANYTHING

Some retiring military personnel are receiving a **Department of Defense** brochure explaining how to draw up a resumé for job-hunting. The example given is the resumé of a Navy aviator who flew missions in Southeast Asia. The aviator's bombing missions are described this way in the same resumé: ". . . located profitable areas for the concentration of resources . . ."

A NEW HIGH IN GRANTSMANSHIP

Battling the bureaucracy took on a celestial meaning last April when a messenger from heaven interrupted a meeting at the **National Endowment for the Arts.** The angel handed an elaborate petition in the form of a scroll to **Bill Lacy,** director of architecture and environmental art for the Endowment.

The scroll's signatures, meticulously copied to appear original, included such late greats as Benjamin Franklin, Orville Wright, Elizabeth R., Rembrandt, Theodore Roosevelt and James Agee. Their request: that **Sam Hudson** be given $16,000 to finish his film documentary on the architectural history of plumbing or, more specifically, the toilet.

A $30,000 federal grant started Dallas filmmaker Hudson on his way last year. He found American bathrooms were modeled after those in the Buffalo Statler Hotel, built in 1908. He interviewed the world's authority on toilets at Cornell University. Then he put his narration into the form of a cantata, completed the rough cut of the film (which was to be eventually aired on public television), and found he was out of cash.

While efforts dragged on to secure Hudson more money, he prepared his elaborate put-on. The scroll